

*The history*

*Pand.* It possible: no sooner got but lost, the diuell take  
*Antenor*, the young Prince will go madde, a plague vpon  
*Antenor*. I would they had brok's neck.

*Enter Cress.* How now? what's the matter? who was heere?

*Pand.* Ah, ah!

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly, wher's my Lord? gone?  
tell me sweete Vncle, whats the matter.

*Pan.* Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.

*Cres.* O the Gods, whats the matter?

*Pand.* Pray thee get thee in: would thou hadst nere been  
borne, I knew thou wouldest be his death. O poore Gentle-  
man, a plague vpon *Antenor*.

*Cres.* Good vncle, I beseech you on my knees, whats the  
matter?

*Pand.* Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone: thou  
art chang'd for *Antenor*. Thou must to thy father and bee  
gone from *Troilus*, twill be his death, twill bee his bane, hee  
cannot beare it.

*Cres.* O you immortall Gods, I will not go.

*Pand.* Thou must.

*Cres.* I will not Vncle. I haue forgot my father,  
I know no touch of consanguinitie,  
No kinne, no loue, no blood, no soule so neere me  
As the sweete *Troilus*. O you gods diuine,  
Make *Cresseids* name the very crowne of falsehood,  
If euer she leaue *Troilus*. Time, force and death,  
Do to this body what extreames you can:  
But the strong base, and building of my loue,  
Is as the very center of the earth,  
Drawing all things to it. He go in and weepe.

*Pand.* Do, do.

*Cres.* Feare my bright haire, & scratch my praised cheekes,  
Crack my cleare voyce with sobes, and breake my heart;  
With sounding *Troilus*: I will not go from Troy.

*Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphob, Ant, Diomedes.*

*Par.* It is great morning, and the houre prefixt,  
For her deliuey to this valiant Greeke,  
Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troilus*.

*Tell*

*of Troilus and Cresseida.*

Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,  
And haue her to the purpose.

*Troy.* Walke into her house,  
He bring her to the Grecian presently:  
And to his hand when I deliuer her,  
Thinke it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*  
A priest there offring to it his owne heart.

*Paris.* I know what tis to loue,  
And would, as I shall pittie I could helpe:  
Pleafe you walke in my Lords?

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pandarus and Cresseida.*

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation?  
The greife is fine, full, perfect that I taste,  
And violenteth in a sence as strong  
As that which causeth it, how can I moderate it?  
If I could temporize with my affections,  
Or brew it to a weake and coulder pal'at,  
The like alayment could I giue my grieffe:  
My loue admittes no qualifying drosse,  
No more my grieffe in such a precious losse.

*Enter Troilus.*

*Pan.* Here, here, here he comes, a sweete ducks.

*Cres.* Oh *Troilus*, *Troilus*.

*Pan.* What a paire of spectacles is here, let me embrace too,  
Oh heart, as the goodly saying is, Oh heart, heavy heart;  
why sighst thou without breaking: where hee answers a-  
gaine, because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendshipp  
nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer rime. Let vs call a-  
way nothing, for wee may liue to haue need of such a verse,  
We see it, we see it, how now lambs?

*Troy.* *Cressid* I loue thee in so straine'd a purity,  
That the blest Gods as angry with my fancy:  
More bright in zeale then the deuotion, which  
Cold lippes blow to their dieties, take thee from me.

*Cres.* Haue the Gods enuy?

*Pan.* I, I, I, tis to plaine a case.

*Cres.* And is it true that I must go from Troy?

*H 3*

*Troy.*